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Poetry.

From Jerrold's Magazine.

A VICTORY.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune
Along the evening air;
The crackling bonfires turn the sky
All crimson with their glare;
Bold music fills the startled streets
With mirth-inspiring sound;
The gaping cannon's reddening breath
Wakes thunder-shouts around;
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! Huzza! A Victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten played,
Less wild and frolicsome than she,
That rosy prattling maid.
Sudden her cheek turns ghostly white,
Her eye with fear is filled,
And, rushing in-of-doors, she screams,
"My brother Willie's killed!"
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! Huzza! A Victory!"

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,
A knitting by the fire,
Plying the needle's thrifty task
With hands that never tire.
She tore her few gray hairs, and shrieked,
"My joy on earth is done!
Oh! who will lay me in my grave?
Oh. God! my son! my son!"—
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! Huzza! A Victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed,
With matron's treasure blest:
A smiling infant nestling lay
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
The widow's tale to tell,
But like a corpse, all white and stiff,
Upon the earth-floor fell.—
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! Huzza! A Victory!"

An old weak man, with head of snow,
And years threescore and ten,
Looked in upon his cabin-home,
And anguish seized him then.
He helped not wife, nor helpless babe,
Matron, nor little maid,
One scalding tear, one choking sob—
He knelt him down and prayed.—
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! Huzza! A Victory!"

Anti-Slavery.

From the Granite Freeman.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

The friends of the Slave have been laboring for some dozen or fifteen years, in the face of discouragement and opposition, such as few enterprises have encountered. Their appeals for justice and humanity have not only been coldly repulsed by the great mass of the people, and ridiculed and frowned upon by the influential classes, but they have received personally the most bitter and unrelenting proscription and opposition. Lawless mobs, instigated by men of property and standing, have ruthlessly invaded the homes of the peaceful and unoffending advocates of justice, destroying property and threatening life. Martyrs have fallen by the hand of lawless violence or been slowly murdered in prison, in the name and semblance of what is profanely called law. To espouse the cause of the enslaved millions of our own countrymen has been equivalent to outlawry and the hazard of life and all things else save a good conscience.

But the Martyr age of anti-slavery has passed, in the free states, at least: and the doctrine so recently "everywhere spoken against" is the first word of almost every man's profession. Those who hunted us from town to town and from house to house, determined to gag the lips of every one whose heart moved him to speak for the dumb—who even demanded the interposition of the strong arm of the State to destroy "this pestilent sedition"—now vie with each other in demonstrations of attachment to the cause they so recently hated and maligned. Let God be praised for this great change, whatever doubts we may be unwillingly compelled to harbor concerning the sincerity of individuals.

It cannot be doubted that the seed for so many years scattered, in fear and peril, by the friends of righteous freedom, is springing up vigorously all over the free states and even in many parts of the dark and adder-eared south. The masses of the people here are right at heart. They do not approve the terrible wrong that slavery inflicts upon their equal fellow men. They cannot longer tolerate the outrage in silence, merely because its victims belong to another division of the race. A large portion of the people have heard something of the wrongs of the slave, and the public heart has been at least partially awakened to human sympathy. The readiness of the political speculators, who are shrewd observers of the impulses of the popular mind, to give a negative assent to our principles, and profess abundant sympathy with our objects, while they skilfully avoid committal to any definite action, is a pretty sure index that anti-slavery doctrines have very generally impregnated the minds of the people. For it is seldom that the politicians over-estimate the tone of the public mind—yet we trust they have reckoned without their host if they hope longer to satisfy the people with vague professions and empty declamation.

But we had in view when we commenced this article the peculiar encouragements offered to us as political abolitionists in the present aspect of affairs. The two great parties of the country, which have so long ground together in the prison of slavery, are both falling into fragments. The power of party cohesion seems to have been neutralized by some new element, not taken into account by the party alchemists. And there is every indication that the way is preparing for the triumphal progress of the great League of Freedom, which shall cement the scattered fragments into one great and beautiful whole by the force of justice, truth and good-will.

Look at the Democracy. How strongly the present administration came into power. Yet in a few brief months how powerless and despicable it has become. Its solemn pledges to its best friends broken—the Western and Middle states betrayed and insulted, beyond hope of reconciliation—New Hampshire, the Gibraltar of its strength, goaded to open rebellion by its insolent tyranny in the proscription and attempted destruction of one of her favorite sons,—and followed in her rebellion by her sister state of Maine—carrying on an expensive and ruinous war to extend slavery, the monstrous wickedness of which is every day becoming more apparent to the people, and the useless burden of which they sustain most impatiently—even the preceding administration, anomalous and ridiculous as it was, could hardly have been so obnoxious to the people as this is likely to become. Already the leading Western organs of Democracy declare that they will no longer be ruled and insulted by the slave power; and we consider it settled that they will not again be whipped into the support of the slaveholding candidate for the Presidency. The broken fragments of the Democracy can never again be rallied to the election of a pro-slavery administration.

The Whig party has still less hope of cohesion or success. The best men in its ranks in the free states are entirely disgusted with the hypocrisy and inconsistency which could denounce the Mexican invasion as infamous and unconstitutional and then vote supplies and invite recruits to carry it on. Thousands who voted with the Whigs in '44 are fully determined never again to vote for a slaveholder or a northern man with southern principles. No candidate acceptable to these men would secure the vote of the south. Success then is morally impossible, according to the present appearances of things, and no intelligent Whig expects it.

But all this confusion and chaos of the political elements, so ominous and terrible to those who have so long guided the popular will, and sold the power of the government to the slaveholders, is full of encouragement to the true-hearted. Over all the dark and angry clouds that sweep across the lowering sky they see the beautiful bow of promise, radiant with the hues of the new creation which is shortly to burst forth. Now has our day come—and Freedom's. Never again will the people elect to the Chief Magistracy of a free nation a slaveholder or the servile pimp and tool of a slaveholder. If the friends of Liberty understand the advantage proffered to them, and have courage and energy to use the occasion promptly and boldly—one short but vigorous struggle and victory perches upon our banner—

"Our land shall be green with Liberty—
The blade-time shall be here."

From the Granite Freeman.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

We are not inordinately addicted to moralizing, as our readers, young and old, will bear us witness. We have an instinctive horror of the ghostly sermonizing style in which morality is too often taught, and with as little good effect as if it were mumbled in Latin, like the Catholic ritual. Indeed we are not sure that it would not be better in that method, as it would have the negative advantage that it would not weary and disgust the hearer and prejudice him against the very mention of the words duty and obligation. But when we see so many young men around us, wasting their excellent natures and expending their youthful energies, in practices not only useless but positively degrading and destructive, we must expostulate with them, even at the hazard of being reckoned among the dull exhorters.

Here is a young man of sixteen or eighteen engaged in some handicraft which occupies his attention for ten or twelve hours per day. If he gives seven hours to repose, he has five or seven hours of leisure every day. How does he employ this valuable time? Perhaps he lounges in the streets with a cigar in his mouth; or worse still, seeks recreation in the bowling saloon, where the dissolute and profane herd together for mutual contamination and destruction. Or if he has self-respect enough to keep away from these haunts of vice, he wastes his leisure hours in listlessness, in profitless conversation, or the reading of the trashy literature of the Ingraham school. He is acquiring no valuable knowledge or discipline of intellect. He is not fitting himself to act honorably and manfully in the great struggle of life—but every day becomes more and more the creature of passion and circumstance, exposed to be driven at random by every influence that assails him.

Not such is the discipline to which the young men of this age should train themselves. They have great achievements to accomplish. Old and venerable institutions, founded in crime and blood, they must bring to the ground and supply their places by institutions founded in justice and truth. It is their work to renovate the social system and reduce to practice the beautiful ideas of Liberty and Right about which the world has long been dreaming. To do this they must be strong men. Their minds must be expanded and trained to consecutive thought, and their hearts warmed with the fire of disinterested benevolence and pure patriotism. Let them improve their leisure hours and they may become all that in their better moments they aspire to. Let them employ themselves with pure and ennobling thoughts and schemes of progress and improvement, and leave the silly and filthy vices of the street to dunces and fops. We desire most earnestly to see the young men of this age awake to the great mission to which Providence calls them, and preparing to do their part with strong hearts and willing hands. Would that every young man who reads this would commit to memory and lay up in the centre of his heart the following strong and beautiful psalm of Longfellow, which cannot be too often published so long as there is a young man among us who has never read and admired it:—

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

A NEW IDEA. The Bostonians are circulating petitions praying the legislature to exempt those who do not make, vend, use, or derive a profit from the sale of intoxicating drinks, from that portion of the taxes which is applied to repair the mischiefs of such drinks. Nothing could be more just. Let those who get rich by manufacturing paupers, maniacs and prison convicts pay the expense of their murderous and diabolical business, and let not the industrious and temperate be taxed to support a vice which they abhor. The fact is the liquor-dealers are living by the plunder of the whole community, indirectly, but just as really as if they put their fingers into every man's pocket and took therefrom a certain per cent. of his income. How long will the people allow themselves to be robbed with impunity? Let the liquor-dealers in Concord be compelled to repair, so far as money can do it, the mischief they are doing among us, and they would very soon be convinced that it is a bad business for their pockets, if not for their characters, to deal out liquid destruction to their weak-minded neighbors.

MORE INDICATIONS OF REBELLION. The Cheshire Republican copies an article from the N. H. Patriot on the slavery question, and takes the Patriot to task for its absurdity and non-committalism, after this sort:—

"We have read the article, from the N. H. Patriot of Sept. 10, with some regret, not, however, on account of what *is* said, but on account of what is *not* said. What *is* said is well, and it is forcibly spoken. The hypocrisy of the whig party is shown up in its true light. Their pretended zeal for the interest of the poor slave *before* they obtain power, and their sudden desertion of him *afterwards*, are set forth in a clear and strong light. These matters, however, are already well known to the people of New Hampshire. They know that the whigs are bent upon wealth and aggrandizement—upon banks and monopolies—upon every thing that will make the rich richer and the poor poorer—quite too much bent upon these schemes to think of the poor slave one minute longer than they can make political capital out of their pretended sympathy for him. All these matters, we repeat it, are well understood. The people expect nothing from the whigs. The question then is, not what will the whigs do, but what will *democracy* do? And it is on this account that we should have been more gratified had the Patriot come out with greater distinctness as to the measures to be adopted, going as far as the constitution goes, for the extinction of negro slavery. It is time to speak plainly *what* we are in favor of doing.—The people having found that nothing but empty boasting will be done by the whigs towards removing slavery from the country, now turn their eyes to the democracy, and ask, what will YOU do? What are *your* sentiments?"

A SLAVEHOLDING D. D. CONFESSING TO A "NIGGER." Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., of Charlestown, S. C., having circulated reports in Belfast, Ireland, injurious to the character of Frederick Douglass, the eloquent slave, the latter instituted legal proceedings against him, and extorted from him this humble confession:

DUBLIN, July 28, 1846.

Gentlemen—In reply to your letter of the 16th inst. informing me that you had been instructed by Mr. Frederick Douglass, the Anti-Slavery Lecturer, to institute proceedings at law against me for certain statements made by me, injurious to his moral and religious character, I beg to express my sincere regret for having uttered the same; the more especially as, upon mature reflection, I am quite satisfied that the statements I incautiously made, on the report of third parties, were unfounded.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
THOMAS SMYTH.

PROGRESS; A POEM.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

We copy the following from an English quarterly magazine for July, edited by Mr. Prince:—

Oh! ye have glorious duties to fulfil,
Nor faint, nor fear upon the weary way,
Ye who with earnest rectitude of will
Marshal the millions for the moral fray:
Ye who with vollied speech and volant lay,
'Gainst the dark crowd of social ills engage—
Lead us from out the darkness to the day
We languish to behold; exalt the age,
And write your names in fire on Truth's unspotted page.

With hopeful heart, and faith-uplifted brow,
Press on, Crusaders, for the goal is near!
Desert and danger are behind, and now
Sweet winds and waters murmur in our ear;
And plenteous signs of peaceful life appear,
And songs of solace greet us as we go,
And o'er the horizon's rim, not broad, but clear,
The light of a new morning seems to flow—
We journey sunwards on! and hail the uprising glow!

In the sad wilderness we've wandered long,
Thirsting amid the inhospitable sand,
Cheered by that burden of prophetic song
"The clime, the time of freedom is at hand,"
And lo! upon the threshold of the land,
We strive and hope, keep patient watch and wait:
And few and feeble are the foes that stand
Between us and our guerdon.—Back, proud gate
That opes into the realm of Freedom's high estate!

Not ours, perchance, the destiny to see
The unveiled glories of her inner bower,
But myriads following in our steps shall be
Equal partakers of the coming hour,
The unencumbered heritage, the dower,
With its full fruits is theirs, with all its store
Of fine fruition, and exalted power,
And Truth shall teach them her transcendant lore—
"Man towards the Perfect Good advanceth evermore!"

And in our upward progress through the past,
What giant evils have been trodden down!
Dread deeds, which struck the shrinking soul aghast,
Branding the doer with unblest renown;
The inquisitor's harsh face, and gloomy gown,
Girt with a thousand torture tools; the flame
In whose fierce folds the martyr won his crown,
Are gone into the darkness whence they came!
There let them rust and rot, in God's [illegible]

Knowledge hath left the hermit's ruined cell,
The narrow convent and the cloister's gloom,
With world-embracing wings to soar and dwell
'Mid purer ether, and sublimer room.
The vollied lightnings of her press consume
The tyrant's strength, and strike the bigot blind,
Day after day its thunders sound the doom
Of some old wrong, too hideous for the mind
Which reason hath illumed—which knowledge hath refined.

Knowledge hath dignified the sons of toil,
And taught them where pure pleasures may be won;
The peasant leaves his ploughshare in the soil
For mental pastime when the day is done;
The swart-faced miner, shut from breeze and sun,
While nature reigns in beauty unsubdued—
Creeps from his caverned workshop, deep and dun,
And in his hovel's fire-lit solitude
Storeth his craving mind with not unwholesome food.

'Mid the harsh clangor of incessant wheels,
Beside the stithy and the furnace-blaze,
Some soul, still hungering and enlarging, feels
The silent impulse of her quickning rays;
In the lone loom-cell, where, for weary days,
And weary nights, the shuttle flies amain;
With his white web the weaver weaveth lays
To speed his labor, or beguile his pain:—
Lays which the world shall hear, and murmur o'er again!

Proud halls re-echo with exalted song,
With wise instruction or impassioned speech:—
And who outnumbers the heart-listening throng?
The artisan, who learns that he may teach,
Longing, acquiring, holding, like the leech,
He cries, "Give, give!" with unalloyed desire,
No point of knowledge seems beyond his reach;
Effort begets success, and higher, higher
Like eagles towards the sun, his full-fledged thoughts aspire!

Nor is there danger in the liberal gift
Of soul-seed cast abroad by genius' hand;
Not weeds, but flowers and stems shall lift
Their forms of grace and grandeur o'er the land,
Like that proud tree, by eastern breezes fanned
From kindred roots a mighty forest made,
A brotherhood of branches shall expand
From the great myriad mind, affording shade
Strength, shelter, and supply, when outer storms invade.

And by this patient gathering of the thought,
And by this peaceful exercise of will,
What wonders have been nursed, matured, and wrought,
What other wonders will they not fulfil?
Upheaves the valley, yawns the opposing hill,
Man and his hand-work sweep triumphant through;
Time halts, space narrows, prejudice stands still
And dwindles in the distance; high and new
Are all our dreams and deeds—yet much remains to do.

Hail to the lofty minds, the truthful tongues,
Linked in an universal cause, as now,
Which break no rights, which advocate no wrongs,
Firm to the loom and faithful to the plough!
Commerce send out thy multifarious prow
Laden with goodly things for every land;
Labor uplift thy sorrow-shaded brow,
Put forth thy strength of intellect and hand,
And plenty, peace, and joy may round thy homes expand.

Hail? mighty Science! Nature's conquering lord!
Thou star-crowned, steam-winged, fiery-footed power!
Hail! gentle arts! whose hues and forms afford
Refined enchantments for the tranquil hour!
Hail! tolerant teachers of the world, whose dower
Of spirit-wealth outweighs the monarch's might!
Blest be your holy mission! may it shower
Blessings like rain, and bring by human right,
To all our hearts and hearths, love, liberty, and light!

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

It was urged by those who sincerely wished this alliance to do some good, that the basis of its union should be well-doing, not orthodox thinking. But this would not answer at all. The keen and cunning Doctors of Divinity, got up a purely theoretical creed about things in any world but this, as a basis of union.—In this they magnified their office. Divinity is the science of God—the knowledge of the incomprehensible—the revelation of the unrevealable. It has nothing whatever to do with man, except that part of him which man himself cannot see—the "metaphysical" part—the part which comprises his relations to the incomprehensible. In this field the dignified divines are great, deep, profound.—Nobody can contradict them. There is no telling what sublime thoughts they may not have had in the intervals of eating up fat salaries. But when you come down to the vulgar level of mere morality—the relations between Dea. Porridgepot and Tom Boggs, the man who digs ditches for him—what have they to do with that? There is no basis here to build a church on, for the deacon is rich and Tom is poor. It must be left to the civil law. It is true enough that the blessed Bible, in some obscure passages, does say that the deacon must pay Boggs so and so for his work, must not despise him, must love him as a brother, &c. But if you were to go to work to make a Holy Evangelical Alliance on this basis, requiring Dea. Porridgepot, who is well off, to come on to any sort of a level with Tom Boggs, you would have all the rich people in your hair at once. Or rather you would n't. They would n't come near you. The Doctors of Divinity well know that there is no basis in vulgar morality for a national or universal church. Morality is very good, so far as it is in good repute with the upper and respectable classes of mankind. For example: stealing silver spoons is universally reprobated by respectable people; of course, silver spoon honesty will be looked for in all church members. It goes to make what is called a fair moral character, which will be insisted on in all professed believers. Abstinence from intoxicating drinks would be also required where that practice has attained respectability; but for a world's Holy Evangelical Alliance it would not do at all, for in Great Britain, the very centre of the world, Doctors of Divinity preach the Gospel on the strength of brandy and water, and take a *great deal* of wine for the stomach's sake and their frequent infirmities.

And what should be done with slavery?—British Christianity was loud and decided that it should be kept out of the Alliance—that is to say, *negro*-slavery. The preliminary committee had discussed the question, and come nearly up to the point of excluding all slaveholding delegates. But the thing was not done. Among the members was Dr. Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., a true Calhounist. The wise and cool heads had seen that the only way to make a *harmonious* Alliance, was to unite on pure abstract divinity. But, as the evil star of slavery or of Holy Alliances would have it, there were also some abolitionists in the assembly, of that sort who call slaveholding man-stealing, and no better than sheep-stealing. These men—perfect marplots and impracticables—moved that among the persons admitted to the Alliance on subscribing to the creed, should be no slaveholders.

The American Delegates, some fifty or sixty of them, were brought to a very serious pause by this movement. When J. Howard Hinton blurted away against the slaveholders that it would be even better to admit sheep-stealers than them—an argument against which there is never any thing to be said, except that slaveholders are richer and more respectable than sheep-stealers—they, the American Delegates sat so perfectly still that the chairman, Sir Culling Eardly Smith, thought it the most admirable display of the grace of God that he had ever seen, their sitting so still under "remarks that must have cut them to the'r hearts' core," and he so expressed himself. The truth is, that it was the proper time to sit still. They needed to think what they should do. If they gave in to this anti-slavery test of membership they were dished at home, and must come back and undo all the painful labor of ecclesiastical non committal legislation for the last ten years—tear to pieces the American Board of Missions, &c. &c. If they opposed it violently they were likely to be spurned by their British brethren as no better than sheep-stealers.—Rev. Mr. Kirk had already warned them,

"That so long as the Alliance confined itself to the one, simple, glorious object,—the promotion of Christian union, success would attend them; but if they attempted to assume an aggressive attitude against a multitude of evils, they would not only find themselves in conflict with others at a hundred points, but at variance among themselves, and at length split in pieces. The brethren could bring forward resolutions on the subject of public morals, and on the desecration of the Sabbath, if they chose; they could introduce American slavery, if they thought best; but if so, the American brethren would expect an opportunity of standing up, and coolly and calmly stating their views and circumstances, with reference to it. He fully believed that it would hazard the very existence of the Alliance."

So the brethren having brought forward this test of slavery, the most awful and excruciating subject that was ever inflicted upon any great body of divines, the Americans kept cool and still. They did more. Profiting by Sir C. Eardley Smith's complimentary hint about the grace of God upon them, they became exceedingly devout just then, and displayed a self denial beyond what has been recorded for several centuries, for while the John Bull and Continental divines went to their dinner, they retired together and *spent the interval in prayer!*

We have heard of a polemic who, when he had the worst of an argument, used devoutly to exclaim, 'The Lord rebuke thee, O Argument!' and we believe it was Rev. Dr. Anderson who, when pressed into close quarters in a meeting of the American Missionary Board on this very subject of slavery, arose and said, 'Let us pray!' God forbid that we should say a word to discourage prayer on the part of such men. If they would only pray for wisdom, we would commend them. But there is no use in their praying for cunning, for they have enough of that already. We conclude they prayed for nothing else, for they showed nothing else after their prayer.

Their prayer obviously had its effect, at least upon the British brethren. They had been at their rich dinner with brandy and water, and the absence of the American teetotalers if it had not touched their consciences, had at least called to mind what Mr. Kirk said on Temperance—and they now saw clearly that if they insisted that the Americans should give up the sin of Slavery, they would have to give up the sin of drinking considerable quantities of brandy and water.

So a compromise was entered into, after vast deliberation and concoction in committees, by which it was settled that the brethren who had motes in their eyes on one side, and those who had beams in their eyes on the other, should go on harmoniously, without gouging each other at all. The terms of this compromise were as follows:

"In respect to necessity of personal holiness, the Alliance are of opinion that it is recognized in the Article of the basis—on the work of the Spirit; and in reference to various social evils existing in countries within the circle of this Alliance—such as the profanation of the Lord's day, intemperance, duelling, and the sin of slavery—they commend these and similar evils to the consideration of the members, trusting that they will study to promote the general purity and the Christian honor of this confederation by all proper means. And in respect especially to the system of slavery, and every other form of oppression in our country, the Alliance are unanimous in deploring them, as in many ways obstructing the progress of the Gospel; and express their confidence that no branch will admit to membership slaveholders, who BY THEIR OWN FAULT, continue in that position, retaining their fellow-men as slaves, from regard to their own interest."

If slave-stealing had been the subject under consideration, thus to have got the sin of it recognized, and to have got the slave-stealers *by their own fault* excluded from communion, would have been small doing indeed; but, in regard to man-stealing, it was more than could have been expected.

We have not spoken of this new ecclesiastical body with very great reverence, simply because we did not feel any. But, little as we hope, if any moral power for good is eliminated by this machinery, none will be readier than we to acknowledge it.—*Chronotype.*

CASTE AND LABOR. In a recent publication, by Miss Catharine E. Beecher, we find the following remarks, on the subject of Caste, as opposed to labor:

To understand the power of the principle, see what sacrifices men and women make, and what toils they endure, to raise themselves from what sets them below in general estimation. And this is a principle which is equally powerful to high and low, rich and poor. To observe how it bears upon healthful and productive labor, let any woman who esteems herself in the higher circles of society, put the case as her own, and imagine that her son, or brother, is about to marry a young lady, whose character and education are every way lovely and unexceptionable, but who, it appears, is a *seamstress*, or a *nurse*, or a *domestic*, and how few are there, who will not be conscious of the opposing principle of caste. But suppose the young lady to be one who has been earning her livelihood by writing poetry and love stories, or who has lived all her days in utter idleness, and how suddenly the feelings have changed! Now, all the comfort and happiness of society depend upon having that work properly performed, which is done by nurses, seamstresses, chambermaids and cooks; and so long as this kind of work is held to be degrading, and those who perform it are allowed to grow up ignorant and vulgar, and then are held down by the prejudices of caste, every woman will use the greatest efforts, and undergo the greatest privations, to escape from the degraded and discreditable position. And this state of society is now, by the natural course of things, bringing a just retribution on the classes who cherish it. Domestics are forsaking the kitchen, and thronging to the workshop and manufactory, and mainly under the influence of the principle of caste; while the family state suffers keenly from the loss. Meantime the daughters of wealth have their intellectual faculties and their sensibilities developed, while all the household labor, which would equally develope their physical powers, and save from ill health, is turned off to hired domestics or a slaving mother. The only remedy for this evil is, securing a proper education for all classes, and making productive labor honorable, by having all classes engage in it.

VACANT JAILS. We learn that neither of the counties of Strafford, Belknap or Carroll, in this State, have any prisoners committed at the present time. Portsmouth Jail is also empty, and has not had any occupants since last February, except two for a fortnight at the session of the August court. Rogues seem to regard the Granite State too hard soil for their calling.

Portsmouth Journal.

It is a singular fact that the German settlements in Texas are never molested by hostile Indians.

THE HERALD.

"My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate, quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;
Then let it come."

CONCORD, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1846.

☞ MR. ROGERS remains about the same as at the issuing of our last paper. His sufferings, the last week, have not been so intense as previously, but there seems to be no indication of returning health. Our time having been almost entirely spent in attempts to alleviate the distress of our dear sick friend, we have been able to give but little attention to this number of the Herald.—F.

THE CHURCH.

Churches or modes of human organization are presented in two aspects at this day. One in which they are contrivances for the purpose of raising and keeping up a certain faith which it is supposed is a means of eternal salvation, but which leaves each individual to live out this ideal belief in almost any way he chooses; and the other in which they are spheres for the living daily a life in harmony with the pure principles laid down. In both aspects they present conditions for the soul, either restrictive or expansive, as the case may be.

The first of these two kinds of institution may be called the verbal church. It has a verbal test or creed to which the members assent, or seemingly assent; and supporting the institution by their money and influence, maintaining a separate order of persons called priests or elders, they are said to be christians.

This process the devotees are assured is sufficient to save them from all the consequences of their sins in a future state of existence, and they need feel no more trouble about them. The priests are well paid, so that they may surround themselves with all the meliorations and luxuries of life, and although they date their discourses from the words of Christ and his immediate disciples, they by no means consider it necessary to live a life like his or theirs. They take not up his crosses, nor pass through like troubles and agonies with him, but fritter away these accounts by pretences of figurative expressions and inapplicability to the present age. Their aim seems rather to be to find plausible excuses for the carnal conduct of their supporters, and to lull their consciences by living a life not at all superior to theirs in respect to purity, charity, or any other essential virtue. The great business of the modern church by no means seems to be the inculcation or practice of self-denial in any sensual attraction or the personal reform of the members in any one particular. All such agitating subjects are let alone, and the whole affair passes off in general terms not much calculated to awaken sleepy sinners, with a general money consumption highly conducive to sending a wakeful priest to sleep if such a soul should chance to survive the priest-making process.

It is quite evident that such a state of things may continue for ages to come, as it has continued for ages past, without elevating man or helping him many steps in well being and well doing. In the art and practice of talking well it has doubtless aided his progress. And this, to sincere and true minds has rendered important service. While peace, charity, resignation and universal inspiration have been eloquently preached, war, angry self-will, and subjugation to human dictation have been the almost universal practice. Proof of these broad assertions must be present to every mind. It may be sufficient to mention that armies have chaplains and that sincere theologians have actually traded in human flesh, and have sent their fellow creatures to hopeless slavery.

This rhetorical church, which stands between God and man, has long filled up the high, but narrow, way of life, so that but few souls could pass. As a guide board it points in the other direction, and fills the broad way with unaccounted travelers. It asserts there is no communication with God, except by it. Whether pope, bishop, moderator, elder, leader, minister, or by whatever term the power be nicknamed, the demand is "render up thy soul unreservedly to me who, as God's appointed agent upon earth, am to loosen or to bind here, that you may be loosened or bound hereafter." Yes, nothing short of this is the demand of the church. Unconditional surrender. Bow down thy soul, thy will and thy understanding, be guided by thy spiritual teachers, who know so much better than thee, who have had more experience in the way of regeneration, who are re-born souls, though they venture not to say they are wholly free from sin. Disguise it as we may, the essence of the verbal church lies in this fact—in this derogatory and blasphemous fact. Without this usurpation it is powerless, and so far from the Roman Church being in this respect peculiar, it is only the more honest in avowing it, and the more faithful in enforcing its discipline. Other churches accommodate themselves more to their members, as tradesmen to the fashions of the day, but *the subjugation of soul* is the one aim in all. God's gentle and loveful call, "My son give me thy heart," is to be disregarded and an undivided allegiance and submission of heart, soul, mind and will to the church is the salvation.

Were souls truly faithful to the spirit, were we to adhere to Christ as he is *mystically revealed* to us, instead of servilely submitting to those frail beings by whom he is *historically preached to us*, we should soon be liberated from priestly chains and the great darkness of verbal churches. It seems that by no other mode can mankind ever become free. This mystic spirit is the spirit which makes us free indeed. This is the worship of God who is Spirit in spirit and in truth. This is the light which enlighteneth *every* soul that cometh into the world. Mere separation from error amounts not to faithful spirit life, though it is a needful preparation for it. We cease to do evil that we may learn to do well, but the cessation from evil is not well doing. They are two processes. Oh, how much is contained in that word "cease." A negative term indeed, but a state demanding much reality in being. How much evil have we to cease: how many practices to abstain from! Practices sanctioned, nay enforced, by public opinion in all christian churches, where the carnal mind may revel in all its wonted licentiousness, and where every concupiscence is hallowed, provided there be submission of the soul and purse to the service of the church. How long will lustful congregations subjugate hireling weakness to gloss their heavy sins and be subjugated in their turn! Co-victims; co-tyrants: the loss is mutual, and it is difficult to say which is most drawn away from the source of all truth and goodness. We must do our best to cease the system; spare condemnation of the wanderers, and aid their restoration to divine knowledge through a life in obedience to divine inspiration.

This thought brings us to the consideration of the second aspect of the Church, wherein lies much hope. Under all the errors chargeable against the Roman Church, let us not forget that it gave great direct encouragement to every attempt to live a pure life within its own bosom. The monasteries and convents, the hermitages and solitudes, which pure zeal established in dark and perilous times must not be forgotten. Nor can the disgraceful conduct of latter times wholly efface the honorable utility of heroic though dark devotion. These were sphere in which the soul could live and grow as much as its nature then demanded. And as souls are born with larger demands these confining walls no longer serve. They have gradually decayed in the free atmosphere of knowledge, but have left nothing except the verbal church to fall back into.

But it is inconceivable that in the wide world of mind no souls are now generated who sincerely desire to live and grow peacefully and serenely, perchance to ripen fully, without intruding on the free growth of other souls. Who wish not to shade, nor be shaded, but to expand in the broad sun-shine of universal love, as far as they feel the spirit within them. Such individuals are amongst us. They are anxiously watching for those combinations or arrangements, wherein they can breathe the true air, and every mental limb can find adequate exercise. They feel they are rooted in the true ground, but they are as young and tender plants which require climatal conditions for a healthy and vigorous growth. They view with just apprehension the possibility of subjugation under the priestly yoke, though they crave all the aid which experience and history can furnish. They are of the most humble-minded, while they know they are sons and daughters of God—souls of the spirit—offspring of the highest.

Like monastic parsees watching for the rising sun, souls linger apart on the cold mountain tops, in the morning's dull gray, silently expecting that the golden orb will soon collect them in their worship. The sun is love—universal love.—the worship is work—useful labor. Where is this God, there is this worship, and there is the true Church.

No longer may we be contented in the alms basket of words, no more can polemics content us, no longer is it doubtful that the scripture worshiping church is really infidel, these facts are revealed to the young spirit. Loving unity, cherishing stability, admiring grandeur, and perceiving these no where actualized, there is a tendency in some minds to accept the attractive appearances of them which the Romish Church presents, and into that ancient hollowness some souls fall. Other churches are but as shavings from this carpenter's shop. Yet they are substantial and beautiful enough for the multitude, to whom a rotten plank seems a green tree.

Soon it will be learnt that the sun for which we are waiting is not without us in prepared combinations, but is within us urging us to make combinations, such as our work-worship is. As each obeys his vocation, the Church is built up, which becomes as a city seated on a hill.

Practically—souls suited for unitive action will not be a long time discovering each other; even now the temperature is rising because the sun is.

C. L.

From the Chronotype.

THE SISTERHOOD OF REFORMS.

We want one reform to establish the principle of self-ownership, now violated in the persons of one sixth of our countrymen. We want another to conform the tenure of land to the obvious intentions of the Almighty and prevent the mass of mankind from being crowded off from the earth. We want another to establish the honor of labor and an equitable distribution of its profits. We want another to deliver mankind from poison and give supremacy to the laws of health. We want another to chase the fiend war from the race and beat all the swords into plough-shares. We want another to deliver government from kingcraft, and another to deliver religion from priestcraft. We want another to give to woman a social position which will establish purity as a reality. We want another to equalize the distribution of knowledge, or in other words to admit all to the treasures which are laid up in the world's history and the records of art.

These reforms are all so connected that we defy any man to advance one of them sincerely without advancing others. To advance one and oppose others is absurd. He who is diligently laboring to promote one of them is to be considered favoring all, whether he so expresses himself or not, and just so fast as he becomes wise he will so express himself without reserve.

The great reason why the mass of mankind who are most deeply and entirely interested in all these reforms, do not act to bring them about, is their ignorance—ignorace both of their wants and their power. Hence the immense importance of this last mentioned reform. It is too trite to be repeated, that we can expect nothing good in the future without *education.* But civilized nations are constantly outgrowing the means of education. There is always growing up a dark, dense mass, which comparatively no light penetrates. We say comparatively, on purpose, for doubtless the most ignorant now possess knowledge which the same class did not a few centuries ago. But, comparatively, they are more ignorant.

This will continue to be so on the present false system of education. So bungling is our system of signs called written language, that a great part, and in regard to the poor, all the force which can be devoted to education is consumed upon it. It follows in regard to the masses, that they fail to obtain any education in things, and their education in words is too imperfect to be of use to them in after life.

We look upon the phonotypic reform, by which the whole difficulty of reading and spelling will be at once removed, and a man or child, by a few hours of teaching, will be admitted to all the knowledge recorded in books, just as freely as if the books were living speakers, to be the very master-key of all the other reforms. It will at once give to the masses a knowledge of their own strength and the means of employing it. Were books and newspapers printed in Phonotypy, it would be in vain to interdict reading to slaves. The art of reading would run among them like wild-fire. But the greatest effect would be upon common school education. That sort of education would then fill the mind with actual knowledge, and expand it by giving action to the reasoning faculties. Give us but this reform, and we are perfectly sure of all the others we have mentioned.

From the Granite Freeman.

FIRST FRUITS OF THE NEW GAMBLING SALOON! A CLERK ABSCONDED!

Gambling is the source of a great deal of the theft and fraud that so often appears in the Mercantile community. Let a Clerk, or any young man who is entrusted with the money of others, become addicted to gaming, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he will end by defrauding his employer, and gain a home in the State Prison. A melancholy instance of this kind occurred in town this week. The bookkeeper of Messrs. Gilmore & Clapp, having become a frequent visitant of the New Gambling Establishment in the North Entry of Stickney's block, absconded on Monday night with at least seven or eight hundred dollars, belonging to his employers, and how much more is unknown. We are not at all surprised at this, we shall be surprised if such things do not occur more frequently hereafter. The particulars are given in a handbill published by Gilmore & Clapp, as follows:

"Left this place last night about 10 o'clock, Robert T. Long, late book keeper of Gilmore & Clapp, Concord, N. H.

"Long is about 5 feet 6 inches high, light complexion, large prominent blue eyes, wore spectacles, genteel in appearance and about 21 years of age.

"He is supposed to have left this town with Augustus Willey, who drove a smart mare, short switch tail, good carriage, prompt action, weighing about 900 lbs., thin in flesh.

"New Waggon, side springs, body blue striped with white, yellow wheels striped with black.

"The subscribers will pay one hundred dollars for the apprehension and return of Long or two hundred dollars for his apprehension and return with the money he carried away.

GILMORE & CLAPP.

Concord, N. H. Sept. 29, 1846.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Friend Rogers: I perceive a communication, in The Herald, of April 24th, from H. Safford, of Mass. My mind is active only as it is acted upon; and this communication set me to thinking. Friend Safford says, 'If I was not constantly tormented with a desire to talk better then a can, I would sometimes send a few words to 'Stickney's Block,' such as the dead might like to hear.' Now what is good talk but plain talk? the 'every-day' fire-side chat of friends and neighbors! If friend S. has got a summons for 'the dead,' I call upon him in God's name to out with it: And as for writing, there is no sort of knack about it. Let a free soul just take his pen, and write out a portrait of his own spirit, in plain simple words, such as children can read and understand, there can't be any thing better.—Never stop for arrangement of ideas, or for sounded periods. Begin with a single thought, just *one*, for a breeder, and be sure you do not attempt to write without one. This trying to write without thoughts is an "up hill business;" though I have seen whole sermons, that had not ideas enough in them to sustain a starving soul five minutes. It was more work to rake over the chaff, and pick them out, than they were all worth. The world has fed on husks long enough. Now let us have the wheat, without the chaff. We will not be particular about the kind of vessel that it is presented in. It may be a bowl of porcelain, a brown earthen pitcher, or a wooden dish; if so we can get the kernel, without the trouble of separating the chaff, we won't complain.

But I began with the intention of giving friend Safford a word of encouragement.—That little article of his is worthy of notice. As I looked it over, it seemed to me, I had found another kindred spirit. He tells of "free talk," and "great talk;"—and perceives plainly enough the difference between them. Any body but a slave can talk free,—but a man must go to college to talk large. There are slaves enough in our land besides black slaves. There are white ones; poor starved and shrivelled partisans and sectarians, as lean as the seven cows that eat up the fat ones. [Now, how much better that word *cows* is than *kine*. Why? For no other reason in the world only because it is a common, every day word.]—They are slaves; and they no more dare to give utterance to a free thought, than a slave on the plantation does. And so they go to their political juntos, and ecclesiastical powows, and grind husks; and warn us with a solemn scowl, not to feed the world with pure grain, because, they say the people are not prepared for it. Poor famished creatures! they think there are no stomachs stronger than their own. But the Herald must come out, *as often as it can,* filled with true thoughts.—The youth of our country will occasionally get a taste of it, and grow up with stronger digestive powers than their ancestors had. And even these skeletons will, some of them, by dint of fasting, become invigorated; and obtain a relish for it. And friend S. must pour his free thoughts into it. Freedom is what the world wants, and free men are scarce.—There are but few who have the energy to snap the new cords, and green withes, with which priests and politicians have bound them. But moral Samsons are multiplying. It *is* beautiful to witness the motion of a free bird in the air; or the prancing of a free colt in the pasture. Every body loves freedom in every thing, except free spirits. Some people start at the exhibition of a free soul. They are not familiar with such rights. Born and educated "by authority," and having associated so long with fettered minds, the thoughts and actions of a real free man alarm them. But still they *admire* to see it. After a while they will love it, and in the end will get free themselves. I call upon friend Safford to blow his trumpet; for I am pretty sure he has ability to give it the right sound; and if "the dead" don't hear, it will encourage the living, as the Scotch Bugle rouses a Highlander.

S. FLINT, Jr.

MONTHLY SERMONS.

BY OLD LORENZO.

A SERMON FOR OCTOBER.

Sin is a sort of mighty whale;
The christian gulps him whole,
But he who nibbles at the tail
Will surely lose his soul.

Brethren, do you know what sin is? You hear a great deal said about it.—Every seventh day is devoted exclusively to the subject; and sinners are packed off by whole regiments to perdition. Now it is important you should know what it is to be a sinner. I shall hardly be able, in the course of one short sermon, to give a full description of sin, but will lay down a few principles, and give a specimen or two, so that a man of common ingenuity can tell sin from holiness. The general definition is this—Sin is serving the devil a little, while holiness goes the whole hog. By way of illustration; suppose a man should meet his neighbor on the road, and in fact pad style call upon him to stand and deliver;—and if the man should refuse to obey shoot him on the spot—This you know would be a most grievous sin. It is the worst sin in the world for one man to kill another. But if you can get fifty thousand to fall upon another thousand, and butcher every one of them, then the killing becomes a pious act, and every one that engages in it may be a good christian. There is no sort of sin in killing, provided it is done by the wholesale. The difference is this. The sinner kills a single neighbor or two—the christian kills a score—The man who slays his single fellow is a murderer; and most likely will get hung for it. The man who destroys a hundred is a hero, and a christian—And as it is with murder, so it is with stealing. If you steal a horse, or a sheep, you commit a felony, you sin. But if you steal the man, horse and all, and reduce him from the height of manhood to the level of a horse or sheep, why then you may be a good christian and go to heaven. It won't do though to steal a *single* man. You must make a business of it. You must steal extensively. Catch men by the million. This is what God approves. The more the better.—This is law both human and divine. Don't you know the man who fell through the bridge and broke his arm? Well, you know the town had to pay. So you see the rule holds good all the way down, from the Court of Heaven to the Court of Common Pleas. Little Sinners go first to jail, and then to hell.—Great ones get first into the church, and at last to heaven. You know the man who poisoned his neighbor's doves with ratsbane, and the Court made him pay for it? After a while he poisoned the neighbor himself, with alcohol, and the church made him deacon.—I might go on and illustrate the sentiment a good deal farther. But this is enough to establish the doctrine of the text. The christian swallows the whole whale, while the sinner partakes sparingly. The difference, between a christian and sinner, is just the difference between a sprat and whale; or between the sapling and oak. The same in every thing but size and greediness. And now, brethren, whenever you want to serve the devil, may you do it with a high hand and stretched out arm, for modern piety is nothing but magnificent crime. Amen.

LETTERS FROM LOWELL—NO. II.

Friend French:—I spoke at some length, in my first letter, of Lowell Factory Girls. I said something of the patient but ill-requited toil of some beautiful, self-sacrificing martyr spirits among them—toil endured freely, willingly for those they love, and I cannot, perhaps, do better than to give here, as an illustration, the following brief, simple and unadorned but "o'er true tale." Go into the Mills and ask the girls about it, and if they do not know Ellen Weston they will tell you that they have known *others* who have toiled suffered and died in the same holy work of love, the victims of a false and hellish system of selfishness and antagonism. *It is not fiction.*

THE REDEEMED HOMESTEAD.

"Why so sad, my dear father?" said a beautiful, fair-haired girl of sixteen summers, as she smoothed back the slightly gray locks from the high but care-marked forehead of her only living parent, and gazed affectionately into his dark expressive eyes. "Why so sad?" she repeated, "you scarcely smile of late. What *is* the matter? Shall I not sing to you that beautiful song which brother gave me the other day, 'Our home among the trees?'"

"No, I cannot bear it now," said her father whom we will call Mr. Weston, rising and pacing the floor, evidently struggling with some deep emotion.

"Will you not tell me, your own dear Ellen, what troubles you?" persisted the maiden.

"Yes, Ellen," said he at length, with a fixed calmness, seating himself again at her side. Yes, I will tell you all. Farther concealment is useless. Prepare yourself for developments of which you have not even dreamed. The tale is a painful one but must be told. Mr. Weston then proceeded to relate the history of his reverses, his struggles and the final ruin of his pecuniary prospects. A few words will tell the whole. In common with many others in whom the feelings of humanity and a sense of justice predominate over reverence for the Almighty Dollar, and whose conscience rebel in view of the duplicity and chicanery every-where practiced in trade and commerce, he had found the struggle—a struggle in which the beautiful arrangements of civilized society compelled him to engage—between him and his less scrupulous neighbors to be an unequal one. With all the confidence of a noble and generous nature he had trusted those around him, had been deceived and had lost large sums of money in consequence. In a word others secured their own share and his also. Portion after portion of his property had been disposed of and he had concealed, as much as possible, the true state of the case from his family, hoping still to be able to redeem the whole—All was now gone but the Homestead, the "home where he was born,"—and that had been mortgaged. A small sum in addition to what he had been able to save from the sale of his other property would redeem it and leave him still a home, but he saw no way to get even that small sum, and in a few months he said, the "home among the trees" must be sold.

Ellen listened calmly to all her father said. She was in a measure prepared for the disclosure. She had for a long time suspected that the result that was now manifest was far from improbable. She remained silent and thoughtful a few minutes and then said:

"I see it all father; our case is indeed a hard one, yet many are worse off than we.—Our home, our dear loved, beautiful home, must not, shall not be sold. I have a plan which will redeem it. I will tell you of it to-morrow.

Mr. Weston shook his head incredulously. "No Ellen," he replied, we must reconcile ourselves to our fate. We must seek a home elsewhere. Your devotion and self-sacrifice will not avail here.

"Do not say so my dear father till you hear my plan," said Ellen.

Ellen's "plan" for the redemption of the Homestead may be inferred from the following letter.

Lowell, June 21st, 1845.

My Dear Father:—I know you are impatient to hear from me, and I think I hear Willie say, half in sorrow and half in anger, "why *dont* Elle write?" Well here you have a letter. I have waited till pay-day that I might give you something in proof of the feasibility of the project which you deemed so wild. You see by the enclosed that I have saved a little. Next month I can save more, for I have learned the work and shall get higher wages. Do not think I am robbing myself to send you this. I can get along very well. You know I had plenty of clothes and good ones too; thanks to you dear father, and tho' they are not quite so fashionable as the girls wear here, I am well satisfied to wear them. You know I dont care much for fashion, because I dont go out much. I get very tired and do not feel like going out. I work very hard and the days seem *so* long, but then I am well and can bear it all for a while. It is hard that we are obliged to toil so hard for enough to keep soul and body together, while those who do none of the work are getting immensely rich by appropriating to themselves the products of our toil. *They* live in palaces; *we* are crowded together here in boarding houses *six in a room!* They have plenty of time to eat and drink their champagne, and ride in their coaches; we are obliged to toil thirteen hours a day, have hardly time to *swallow* our meals to say nothing of eating them, have no time to ride and no coaches to ride in if we had time. If they would give us an opportunity to *walk* we would not complain. I *do* find, as you said I would, that in some things connected with factory life,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!"

But do not think that I repent having come here. I do not. I am willing to bear this and more, to attain the object I have in view. I am pretty well yet, tho' I am getting a little *pale*. I miss the fresh air and bright sun-shine of my native hills.

I am requested by my 'Regulation Paper' to attend some church. I have done so a few times, but don't like the meetings here much. The ministers, they say, get a thousand dollars or more, a year, but I think they preach rather dull sermons, and then the fine pulpit and the frescoed walls, seem to lift themselves up so between me and God, and his glad sun-shine and free air that I am all the time, like an imprisoned bird, pining for the hill-side and the woods.

My room mates are good girls, but not 'congenial spirits,' so I don't enjoy their company so much. I have formed a very strong friendship for a young lady from our own State, who works in the same room but boards 'on the street.' I wish I could board with her, but my 'Regulation Paper' says I must board in one of the Companie's boarding houses. They allow her to board on the street because her mother lives there. Is it not too bad, that kindred spirits are thus separated, and those who have no spirits nor affinity for each other are forced into contact? But it is so here.

I have seen but little of Lowell yet, and if I had seen more I have no room left to tell you about it. Write me a long letter as soon as you get this, and tell me all about things at home. How does Mary get along with the work alone. I guess she would like to have Elle. to help her a little. Would you not Mary? Take good care of everything, not forgetting Kitty and my flowers. Give Willie a kiss for me and tell him to be a good boy and mind his lessons. Love to everybody who knows me. God bless you all.

Your affectionate ELLEN.

Other letters followed this each containing a portion of her earnings, and breathing an earnest and hopeful spirit. In the meantime Ellen's health was fast giving way. She pined for the freedom and fresh air of the country. Over-work and the want of the care and sympathy of those who loved her were fast undermining her constitution. This was concealed as long as possible from her friends. But the secret could not always be kept. Still she toiled on. The letter from which the following is an extract contained a remittance which completed the required sum.

'My object is accomplished. The task has been a hard one, but the reward is great. Our dear loved, beautiful HOME, will not be sold. Blessings on its trees, its books, and its sunny hill-sides.

I am sick. There is no use in concealing the fact. I have not been in the mill these three days, but think I shall be able to go back to-morrow. I feel that I have injured my health very much by my labors here, but hope that the pure air of the country and the tender nursing that I shall have at home, will restore me. * * * * * *

I have given my 'notice,' and shall be ready to start for home, in about two weeks. * * * * * *

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In the little rural Cemetery of M., is a plain white marble slab bearing this inscription

IN
MEMORY
OF
ELLEN WESTON,
WHO DIED MAY 15th, 1846,
AGED 17 YEARS.
'She died for those she loved.'

True loving hearts are sad in the REDEEMED HOME. Darkness broods upon it. Its chief ornament and pride is no more. She returned to them pale, emaciated, worn out! All that love could do was done, but in vain. When the early violets came forth on the hill-side, she was laid beneath the sod!

Such is the reward which our so-called Christian civilization bestows on the holiest love, and the truest and most earnest devotion to duty. The Monopolist who pockets more than four fifths of the products of the poor Factory Girl's toil, and is guilty, in the sight of Heaven, of ROBBERY and MURDER, sits in the high places of Church and State, while the victim of oppression who receives less than one fifth of her real earnings, goes home *to die*, uncared for and unthought of by him!

I do not look for the cause of this state of things in our Factory System. It lies below this, in a false Social and Industrial organization of society. While the Operatives in the Lowell Mills get from $1,50 to $2,00 per week, the poor Seamstress in Boston or New York, is making shirts for *six and a quarter cents apiece*! The relation of employer and employed, is a *false* one. Labor for wages is *Slavery*, and 'nothing else.' Of this more at some future time.

Reader, in God's name, and in the name of Humanity, *up* and strike for Freedom,—'Freedom for ALL,' North and South, black and white. HUMANITY IS ONE!

WAMESIT,

Lowell, Sept. 15th, 1846.

From the Charter Oak.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND SLAVERY.

A large Convention has just been held at London, for the promotion of Union among Protestant denominations, at which delegates were present from nearly all Protestant countries. There were about fifty American ministers in the Convention. After a pleasant time for several days, of singing and praying in various languages, and glorifying themselves and their views, until they could hardly tell whether they were in the body or out of it, and others could hardly decide whether they were in their *minds* or out of them, suddenly, that old disturber of heavenly union—the anti-slavery question—came up. This led to a discussion of three or four days, during which the following minute was adopted, almost unanimously:

'In respect to the necessity of personal holiness, the Alliance are of opinion, that it is recognized in the Article of the basis—on the work of the Spirit; and in reference to various social evils existing in countries within the circle of this Alliance—such as the profanation of the Lord's day, intemperance, dueling, and the sin of slavery—they commend these and all similar evils to the consideration of the branches; trusting that they will study to promote the general purity and the Christian honor of this confederation by all proper means. And in respect, especially, to the system of slavery, as of every other form of oppression, in any country, the Alliance are unanimous in deploring them, as in many ways obstructing the progress of the gospel; and express their confidence that no branch will admit to membership slaveholders who, by their own fault, continue in that position, retaining their fellow-men in slavery, from regard to their own interests.'

The question was supposed to be settled, when the next day, it was moved that the foregoing declaration be recalled. After reference to a committee, the clause respecting the exclusion of slaveholders was *formally rescinded*, by a small majority!

A blessed union it will undoubtly be, in which the requirement is an orthodox creed. Men must *believe* the scriptures to enter the 'Alliance,' but it is of small consequence whether they *obey* them. 'O my soul, come not thou into their secret: unto their assembly, mine honor be not thou united.'

We are reminded by such proceeding, of the parody by a methodist minister who lived some years at the South, four stanzas of which we will quote in conclusion:

Come, saint and sinners, hear me tell,
How pious priests whip Jack and Nell,
And women buy, and children sell
And preach all sinners down to hell,
And sing of heavenly union.

They'll church you, if you sip a dram,
And damn you if you steal a lamb,
Yet, rob old Tony, Doll and Sam,
Of human rights and bread and ham,
Kidnapper's heavenly union.

They'll read and sing a sacred song,
And make a prayer both loud and long,
And teach the right, and do the wrong,
Hailing the brother, sister throng,
With *words* of heavenly union.

They'll talk of heaven and Christ's reward,
And bind his image with a cord,
And scold and swing the lash abhorred,
And sell their brother in the Lord,
To *hand-cuffed* heavenly union.

From the Chronotype.

FANEUIL HALL.

The meeting on Thursday eve. last, was the most densely crowded we have seen for a long time, and yet probably more went away unable to get in, than were contained in the house.

The venerable statesman and patriot of Quincy on taking the chair was cheered with a most hearty welcome. In his introductory remarks he referred to the past and the time when in *that hall*—it was forty years ago—he plead for humanity in a similar case, the impressment of a seaman. He entered into the present with his whole soul. Unfortunately for us, our position in the hall did not allow us to catch his words, but our heart blessed him for being there.

Dr. Howe the friend of Greek liberty, most graphically stated the case. He was followed by Charles Sumner, Esq., in a short but eloquent speech.

Stephen C. Phillips then took the platform, and paying a high compliment to his namesake Wendell Phillips, who had also been called for, went into the merits of the case with an earnestness and feeling which bore captive every heart except those of a few perturbed spirits immediately connected with the perpetrators of the base deed. He proceeded to administer a kind but awful rebuke to the venal and soulless Pearson—such as he, for he was said to be present—and all who heard it will remember to their dying day.

He was followed by Wendell Phillips, Esq., who urged that the resolutions before the meeting did not go far enough. His speech was listened to with attention, but with some marks of contrariety of sentiment.

Rev. Theodore Parker next took the stand, in a very practical and effective speech, in which he called upon the audience to back their good resolutions by forming a vigilance committee and voting for true men. Washington, said he, we hear is a hot place, and for that reason perhaps we send our dough faces there to be baked, but they come home as soft as they went.

A letter was read from Gov. Slade, and pending the reading, we were obliged to come away.

SPEECH OF REV. THEODORE PARKER, IN FANEUIL HALL.

The following report of Mr. Parker's remarks in Faneuil Hall, on the fugitive slave case was made in Phonography for the Boston Whig.

There was a time once when your fathers and my fathers assembled here in Faneuil Hall. There was a time when Boston was a small place; and here in Boston a handful of men passed resolutions, in the face of these columns, which shook the whole nation. They went abroad across the water and shook the parent land. But now, sir, when anti-slavery resolutions are passed in this city, they cannot be heard from North End to the Neck. In old times, men knew that behind every word there was a back-ground of action. Now, men know that when political bodies pass anti-slavery resolutions, they mean nothing.

When the Whig procession passed through the streets of this city, a hundred thousand strong, its badges meant something—their symbols and their resolutions meant something. They meant a tariff—they meant dividends—they meant dollars. Sir, the democratic party, great and triumphant in its power, heard these resolutions, and they trembled from fear, from away down East, even to Oregon, because they knew that these resolutions would keep, because the Whigs would salt down with deeds every word which they uttered.

The Baltimore Convention assembled and passed its resolutions, and the words meant something. They meant a change of Tariff—they meant the annexation of Texas—they meant war. And the Whigs, in their turn, trembled and shook in their shoes, because they knew that a back ground of action was behind every word, and that the Democrats would salt down their words, and they would keep. Deeds came after words, and the Whigs had their tariff, their dividends and their dollars. Deeds came, and the Democrats had their change of tariff, their annexation, and have got their war.

When political bodies pass anti-slavery resolutions, who is there that trembles? I do not believe that a single slaveholder in the land trembles, unless the man is, as they say, most jolly green.

Well, sir, what can we do in this matter? A more solemn occasion has very seldom wakened the arches of Faneuil Hall with such eloquence as we have heard to-night. Very seldom has Faneuil Hall looked down upon so many faces shining like so many stars. I trust that you will pass those resolutions; and although there may be men who desire stronger resolutions, let us take these, and stronger, too, if we can get them.

[A voice—"The earthquake is coming."]

Well, the earthquake is coming, and let it come. We know where it is coming. Where is the man who will bring Quincy granite and timber from down East, and build a superstructure which must inevitably be crushed by that earthquake?

When resolutions are not notorious as having a back ground behind them, I care not how many such you pass here in Faneuil Hall. To make resolutions tell, you must do something more. I am glad that my friend suggested a Vigilance Committee—let that Committee be established—let it be forty men strong—let them keep that sacred word, "betray not him that wandereth, but remember that you were enslaved in the land of the oppressor and the Lord delivered you out of their hands with a high hand and an outstretched arm." Let them open their houses to every runaway slave, say the laws of Louisiana or of this Union what they may.

I know that there is a law, which they make up here in the State House, and can unmake if they will; and that law, in matters of expediency, it is very well to follow. But I know, and you know, that above that there is a law of God written upon every heart; a law which says thou shalt do to another what thou wouldst gladly receive from him in like cases. When the laws of Louisiana, or Massachusetts, or this Union, conflict with the law of God, there is but one thing that will do, and that is, keep God's law.

I know men say 'we are citizens of this State, and are pledged to keep its laws.' Officers say they have sworn to keep the laws of Massachusetts; and they go further and say that they have never sworn to keep God's laws. You are citizens of Massachusetts, subject to the laws of Massachusetts; but you are citizens of the universe, subject to God's law, and though all the men of Massachusetts or the Union stand between you and justice, they cannot screen you. If I keep the law of the land in violation of God's law, will he hold me guiltless?

There is another thing you can do. In the coming election, you can make choice of men—not tonguey men—you have had enough of them—but men of deeds, whose words shall be salted down with action, till they will keep forever. We have had long enough men who can make fine resolutions, promise impossible things, and forget them all. Washington is said to be a hot place, and it is for that reason we have seen fit to send dough-faces there. I wish Washington was a great deal hotter than it is, for the men come back just as soft as they went.

Before your faces, before the Judge of hearts, I solemnly say that if that long, low, black schooner, which recently anchored off Long Island, in New York, should lie off Long Island, in Boston harbor, and should take, not one man, but twenty men, I solemnly believe that neither the Whig party as such, nor the Democratic party as such, would lift their hands. Brethren, I wish it were not true, but if I am to judge of the present or of the future by the past, it must be true.

I therefore urge upon you, at your next election, not to choose men who can make resolutions that won't reach to the Neck, but men whose lives show that they can be trusted in times which try men's souls. Remember that it takes a pound to weigh a pound, and if you take a little man and put him on the top of Bunker Hill Monument, he will be a little, mean, dirty fellow still.

Reported for the Chronotype.

PUBLIC TESTIMONIAL OF RESPECT.

At the meeting of the New England Association of Dough-faces, Boston Branch, held at the Boston Exchange, the Hon. Peter Blarney in the chair.

On the motion of No Heart Lawless, Esq.

Resolved, unanimously, That the conduct of our esteemed brother John H. Pearson, Esq., in the late case of the New Orleans slave, who had availed himself of one of said Pearson's vessels to escape from slavery, but who was nevertheless duly caught and sent back to the fate he deserves, wins the approbation and applause of this association.

Resolved, That neither the laws of Massachusetts, nor the dictates of a spurious humanity, ought to weigh one feather, in comparison with the allegiance which all true dough faces owe to the slave laws of the south.

Resolved, That the case referred to exhibits the conjoint operation of all the admirable and agreeable qualities of a true dough face, and a thorough bred slave driver.

Resolved, That our present comfortable state of dependence on the south, so agreeable to the feelings and purses of this association, in which, if we get all the kicks, we get all the coppers too, is mainly owing to the prevalence among our merchants, of that magnanimous spirit of devotion to southern interests, and southern institutions a notable instance of which we have now assembled to commemorate.

Resolved, That to perpetuate the memory of an event, so creditable to the Boston ship owners, a gold medal be struck, having on one side a Boston merchant seizing an escaped slave with one hand, and holding out the other for the promised reward, and on the reverse, a Blood Hound, with the legend, 'Boston mercantile thrift and magnanimity.'

Resolved, That if any or all the parties, concerned in this transaction, should think fit to remove to Cuba, or the coast of Africa, for the purpose of engaging in any lucrative business peculiar to those countries, this association will take pleasure in certifying to their qualifications.

Resolved, That the president of this association transmit a copy of these resolutions to John H. Pearson, Esq., and at the same time communicate to Capt. Flowery now confined in Salem jail on the charge of slave trading, the warm sympathies of this society and our hope of his speedy release.

THE LOST HORSE. A Clergyman in Berkshire, a few weeks since, drove up to the door of a brother in the neighboring town, with whom he had appointed an exchange. It was 7 o'clock Saturday evening; he left his horse hitched at a post. About bedtime, he thought of the neglected animal, and went out to see if his Rosinante had also found *knightly* entertainment; when lo! the beast was nowhere to be seen. He took a lantern and a young son of his host, and looked for the strayed one till midnight, with no success. The next morning the boy and minister renewed their researches till meeting time, when the clergyman, weary and dejected, went into the church to perform his duty to the 'ninety and nine that went not astray.' After praying and singing, without naming the whereabouts of his text, he exclaimed, in the language of Job, 'O that I knew where I might find him!' The boy who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of thought, cried out, 'I know where he is. He's in Deacon Smith's barn!'—*Springfield Gazette.*

"NORTHERN SLAVERY." Under this caption, the New York True Sun speaks at length upon the case of the young woman in Lowell, who upon leaving one of the factories and applying to the others for employment, ascertained that all the mill-owners had established a rule making the ill-report of the overseer of one mill imperative cause of rejection by all the mills in the place. The True Sun regards this rule as susceptible of the most tyrannical abuse,—giving the owners a power over thousands of poor girls no less honerous than the iron hand of slavery.

MODERATE DRINKERS. The best definition we have ever heard of moderate drinking, was that given by the Rev. Mr. Ballou.—He said that they were "those who took more or less—*usually more!*"

Speaking of getting into the wrong pew and addressing the wrong person reminds us of the Rev. Dr. Chapin, of Rocky Hill, Ct. The venerable Doctor cleans his own stable, and hoes his own garden like a wise man as he is, and wears apparel suitable to these occupations when he is engaged in them, or rather did so four and twenty years ago when we knew him. A very smart young buck of Glastenbury who had made arrangements to take a wife, rode over to Rocky Hill one day to engage the Doctor to tie the knot. As he approached the house, knowing it better than he did its owner, he called out to an individual in the garden hoeing away in an old peacoat and slouched hat, "Halo! old daddy, is this Dr. Chapin's?" Without waiting for the reply he dismounted and strutted up to the front door, where meeting the Dr.'s lady, he asked if the Rev. Dr. was at home. "Yes, walk in and be seated, he is in the garden, and I will call him." "I will save you the trouble," said the young man, and bolting out he remounted his horse and rode off faster than he came. The Dr. used to laugh over the joke, and it was the knowledge that he would do it that frightened the young man out of all notion of getting married by his means.—*Chronotype.*

☞ Thursday, Nov. 26 has been appointed a day of Thanksgiving by Gov. Colby.

☞ Henry Wood's friend and witness, *A. C. Blodgett*, in the last Courier, tries hard to make good the character I gave him in the Herald.—His couple of columns of billingsgate, I would copy into the *Herald* that our readers might have further evidence of the character of the man Wood procured to *attempt* to prove me guilty of falsehood, were it not for its atrocious filthiness. We wish Henry Wood all the honor of his *friend's* exposure of himself.

Charles F. Low, a young man of superior talents and honorable feelings, is editor of the Courier—how he can with a proper respect for himself, remain in association with Blodgett, or how he could have brought himself to consent to the publication of the article alluded too, is not easily explained. It is understood that the type and paper upon which the Courier is printed, is furnished by Gen. Low. We put it to Gen. Low if he is doing justice to the respect, to the high-minded character that is universally conceded to him by the people of Concord, when he furnishes the means of attacks, like the one in the last Courier, upon the citizens of the town, be it upon the reputation of the humblest young man of the village.

F.

REMITTANCES.

Thomas Bassett, Kingston,	$1 50
Jesse Hutchinson, Jr., Lynn, Mass.	1 50
Gorton G. Loomis, Lairdsville, N. Y.	*1 00

*Pays to Vol. 2. No. 37.

BOARDING SCHOOL.

CLINTON GROVE BOARDING SCHOOL, at Weare, N. H., is continued under the care of the former Principal. Board and Tuition for Males, $22,00 per term (12 weeks)—for Females, $19,00—to be paid in advance. Pupils furnish their own towels, light, class books and stationery—all of which will be supplied at the institution, when wanted, at moderate prices. Each pupil should be furnished with a Bible.—The former practice of supplying scholars with class books, and allowing them to pay for the use of them, will be discontinued. Pupils are admitted at any time when they choose to enter the school.

Weare, 9th mo. 22, 1846.

Miscellany.

THE GLORIES OF A CAMPAIGN.

We give below a faint glimpse of the terrible incidents connected with the retreat of the French army from Moscow, during the fall and winter of 1812. It is derived from Segur's account of Napoleon's expedition to Russia, 'all which he saw, and part of which he was' and is enough to freeze the blood in our veins. Speaking of the French army after leaving Malo-deczno, he says:—

'Hence forward there was no fraternity in arms, there was an end to all society, to all ties, the excess of evils had brutified them. Hunger, devouring hunger, had reduced these unfortunate men to the brutal instinct of self preservation, the only understanding of the most ferocious animals, and which is ready to sacrifice every thing to itself. A rough and barbarous nature seemed to have communicated to them all its fury. Like savages, the strongest despoiled the weakest—they rushed round the dying, and frequently waited not for their last breath. When a horse fell, you might have fancied you saw a famished pack of hounds. They surrounded him, they tore him to pieces, for which they quarrelled among themselves like ravenous dogs.

The greater number, however, still preserved enough of moral feeling, not to seek their safety in the ruin of others; but this was the last effort of their virtue. If an officer or comrade fell alongside them, or under the wheels of a cannon, it was in vain that he implored them, by a common country, religion and cause to succor him. He obtained not even a look; all the frozen inflexibility of the climate had passed into their hearts, its rigidity had contracted their sentiments as well as their features. All except a few chiefs, were absorbed by their own sufferings, and terror left no place for pity. Thus that egotism, which is often produced by excessive prosperity; results also from extreme adversity—but in which latter case it is more excusable; the former being voluntary, the latter forced; one a crime of the heart, the other an impulse of instinct and altogether physical; and indeed, upon the occasion here alluded to, there was much of an excuse, for to stop for a moment was to risk your own life. In this scene of universal destruction, to hold out your hand to your comrade or your sinking chief was an admirble effort of generosity. The slightest act of humanity was an instance of sublime devotion.

When unable, from total exhaustion to proceed, they halted for a moment, winter, with his icy hands, seized upon them, for his prey. It was then that in vain, these unfortunate beings, feeling themselves benumbed, endeavored to rouse themselves. Voiceless, insensible, and plunged in stupor, they moved forward a few paces like automatons; but the blood, already freezing in their veins, flowed languidly through their hearts; and mounting to their heads, made them stagger like drunken men. From their eyes, become red and inflamed from the continual view of the dazzling snow, the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouacs, there burst forth real tears of blood, accompanied by profound sighs; they looked at the sky, at us, and upon the earth, with a fixed and haggard stare of consternation; this was their last farewell or rather reproach to that barbarous nature that tortured them.

Thus dropping upon their knees, and afterwards upon their hands, their heads moving for an instant or two from right to left, while their gasping lips uttered the most agonizing moans; at length, they fell prostrate upon the snow, staining it with a gush of living blood, and all their miseries terminated. Their comrades passed over them without even stepping aside, dreading to lengthen their march by a single pace; they even turned not their heads to look at them; for the slightest motion of the head to the left or to the right, was attended with torture, the hair of their heads and beards being frozen into a solid mass.

Scenes of still greater horror took place in those immense log houses, or sheds, which were found at certain intervals along the road. Into these, soldiers and officers rushed precipitately, and huddled together like so many cattle. The living, not having stength enough to remove those who had died close to the fire, sat down upon their bodies, until their own turn came to expire, when they also served as death beds to other victims. Sometimes the fire communicated itself to the wood of which these sheds were composed, and then all those within the walls, already half dead with cold, expired in the flames. At Joubenanoui, the soldiers set fire to whole houses, in order to warm themselves for a few moments. The glare of these conflagrations attracted crowds of wretches, whom the intensity of the cold and of suffering had rendered delirious. These, rushing forward like madmen, gnashing their teeth, and, with demoniac laughter, precipitated themselves into the midst of the flames, where they perished in horrible convulsions. Their companions looked on without affright; and it is but too true, that some of them drew the half roasted bodies from the flames, and ventured to carry to their lips the revolting food.'

Can any mortal foretell that the retreat of the American army from the Halls of the Montezumas (if it ever reaches them) shall be more 'glorious' than this retreat of Europe's conqueror from the Kremlin of the Czars?

From the National Standard.

THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE AND THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

We fear that injustice has been done, in times past, to that singularly evangelical and excellent sheet, the *Journal of Commerce*. No Northern paper has been so distinguished for its uniform and uncompromising hostility to the Anti-Slavery enterprise, but it has been supposed that it did so, not so much from a hatred of the truth, as from a determination to keep on the popular side of the question. We must, we fear, give up this notion, which left at least the hope that the Journal would grow virtuous, when it was sure it could make anything by it. Its last testimony, which will be found in the pro-slavery columns of to-day's paper, leaves us no other alternative than to believe it sincerely wicked, and that a love of tyranny, for its own sake, is its nature; that Slavery is its darling sin, the defence of which nothing will tempt it to abandon; that dear as dollars are to its soul—if it is proper to use the word in such a connection—it would rather never count another, than see a slave freed. The abolition of Slavery would, we have no doubt, cause it more real unhappiness than any other event that could possibly happen, and should it be without any of the frightful results which it has so often predicted, we question whether it could possibly survive it. Talk of fanaticism! Such fanaticism as this is almost beyond belief. It shouts with the rapture of a demon over human suffering. It snuffs human blood with the appetite of a tiger. The groans of crushed and down-trodden humanity are sweetest music to it. It cannot hide under its tone of sniffling piety, that, with all the strength of its malicious heart, it loathes with the most refined and concentrated hatred every human creature that wears a colored skin. It would visit them, and all who befriend them, if it could with an eternity of Slavery. It is downright madness. It raves and gibbers like a maniac, at any attempt to snatch out of its sight the victims, in whose sufferings it finds such devilish satisfaction. And how one possessed of it should have lived a lifetime off of a Southern plantation, is a marvel. The thumb-screw, and the bloody cartwhip, the branding-iron, and the hissing, curling flesh of the slave, are the sights in which his eyes would have delighted, and with which his hands would have rejoiced to have been acquainted. He has a *genius* for cruelty, which languishes for opportunity of practical development in the dull North.

The drift of this last article of the *Journal* is, that no "*plan*" is offered by the "mean and miserable railers," who ask for the abolition of Slavery. As if a plan were not the very thing it most dreads to see! Why, the very thing that the whole article is fighting against, is the "*plan*" which it asks for; and that it knows full well, and even proves.—"Nothing," it says, "can really abolish Slavery, and extirpate its poisonous roots from society, but the construction of society upon one broad platform of social and political equality." Exactly so. And how shall it be done? By the reformation of the public sentiment.—And this the Journal sees is doing all over the free States. Here is the root of the evil in the North, as that paper shows so conclusively. And here must the work of reformation begin. The *Journal* knows it, and sees how rapidly the work is progressing, and thereupon cries out, "but public sentiment alone—can't abolish Slavery by changing that." As if social and political equality were ever created in any other way than by creating public sentiment!

But the difficulties are "so great that no *human* wisdom can tell how they are to be overcome;" the two races are "separated from each other by the *impassable* gulf of color;" "the increase of education and advance of *Christian feeling*, is rendering this gulf *wider* every year;" "the colored race *must always*, in this country, be a *degraded, down-trodden, down-sinking* race;" "philanthropy, *religion*, NOTHING *in human power can* change the ETERNAL DECREE." Yet the man who says all this, has the hardihood to pretend that he wants a "*plan*;" and that he has a "deep-seated abhorrence of Slavery!" Blasphemer! dare you abhor that which the Creator has established by an "eternal decree?" Dare you ask that the will of God be set aside?

But look once more at the logic of this fanatic. Five facts he sets down for the "great-hearted" to grapple with. The first he has already said, "human wisdom" *cannot* grapple with, and unless he believes himself to be a liar, he would not propose it to human reason. The second and the fourth are the same thing, but differing a little in language; both these, as he says the second is, are the result of Slavery. The third fact has the same foundation. The fifth he acknowledges has no other. Now then here are three facts which go to make up Slavery, and each is the *result of Slavery itself*. Is he anything else than a fool or the wildest fanatic who asks you to remove the cause by removing the effects? Abolish Slavery, and his three facts disappear.

Will New Hampshire receive the emancipated slaves? As if the *emancipated* negroes would ever ask it of New Hampshire! The *slaves* would be glad to exchange even the "sunny South" and Slavery, for her bleak and barren hills. But *Freedom* and their Southern home, they would never leave for the cold and distant North. It is Slavery alone that may depopulate the South, not Freedom.—Slavery drives the Randolph negroes from Virginia, and the pro-slavery of Ohio refuses them a home.

We are almost ashamed to reply ever so briefly to such an article as this. The day has gone by when it can have much influence north of Mason and Dixon's line. Public sentiment already scouts such wretched sophistry as ridiculous, and ere long will learn to denounce it as atrociously wicked and inhuman.

GOD BLESS THE BABES!

Mrs. Aniseed plucked the shawl aside, and discovered a sleeping infant. "What a heavenly babe!" she cried; and, truly, the child in its marble whiteness looked beautiful—a lovely human bud—a sweet unsullied sojourner of earth, cradled on the knees of vice.

For an instant the watchmen gazed in silence on the babe. Even their natures, hardened in scenes of crime and destitution, were touched by the appealing innocence of the child. "Poor little heart!" said one. "God help it!" cried another.

Yes, God help it: And with such easy adjuration do we leave thousands and tens of thousands of human souls to want and ignorance; doom them when yet sleeping the sleep of guiltlessness, to future devils—their own unguided passions. We make them outcasts, wretches, and then punish, in their wickedness, our own selfishness, our own neglect.—We cry—"God help the babes" and—hang the men.

Yet a moment—the child is still before us. May we not set about it, contending for it, the principles of good and evil? a contest between the angels and the fiends? Come hither, statesmen: you, who live within a party circle; you, who nightly fight some miserable fight; continually strive in some selfish struggle for power and place, considering men only as tools, the merest instruments of your aggrandizement; come here in the wintry street, and look on God's image in its babyhood. Consider this little *man*. Are not creatures such as these the noblest, grandest things on earth? Have they not solemn natures? Are they not subtly touched for the highest purposes of human life? Come they not into this world to dignify it? There is no spot, no coarser stuff in the pauper flesh before you that indicates a lower nature.—There is no felon mark upon it; no natural formation indicating the thief in its baby fingers; no inevitable blasphemy upon its lips. It lies before you a fair unsullied thing, fresh from the hand of God! Will you without an effort, let the great fiend stamp his fiery brand upon it?—Shall it, even in it sleeping innocence, be made a trading thing by misery and vice? A creature borne from the street, a piece of living merchandise for mingled beggary and crime—say, what, with its awakened soul, shall it learn! What lessons whereby to pass through life, making an item in the social sum? Why, cunning will be its wisdom; hypocrisy its truth; theft its natural law of self-preservation. To this child, so nurtured, so taught, your whole code of morals, nay, your brief right and wrong, are written in stranger figures the Egyptian hieroglyphics—and time passes—and you scourge the creature, never taught, for the heinous guilt of knowing naught but ill! The good has been a sealed book to him, and the dunce is punished with the frail.

Doubtless, there are great statesmen; wizards in bullion and bank paper, thinkers profound in cotton, and every turn and variation in the markets, abroad and at home. But there are statesmen yet to come; statesmen of nobler aim—of more heroic action; teachers of the people; vindicators of the universal dignity of man; apostles of the great social truth, that knowledge, which is the spiritual light of God, like his material light, was made to comfort and bless all men. And when these men arise—and it is worse than weak, it is sinful to despair of them—the youngling poor will not be bound upon the very threshold of human life, and made by want and ignorance life's shame and curse. There is not a babe lying in the public street or in its mother's lap—the unconscious mendicant, to ripen into the criminal—that is not a reproach to the state—a scandal and a crying shame upon men who study all politics save the politics of the human heart.—*Douglass Jerrold.*

From the Chronotype.

LETTER FROM HORNBY.

Hornby, Oxford Co., Me.,
Sept. 19, 1846.

Mr rite—i takes up my pen in sorrer and tribulashun. i can adopt the langwidge of the poet and say from the bottom of my heart—

"in Adam's fall, we sinned all."

The dermocracy of Mane is dead! fowlly murdered—as Kurnel Peabody says—by brittish goold and John P. Hale.

You see mr rite, it cum upon us dredful onexpected. The Argus said how Hales lecters would not hurt the dimocratic corze a bit, an we went to the polls on munday feelin all right, never dreampt of any thing going rong till last friday, when we got an argus, which didn't look any more like the argus afore the election than cheese like chalk. 'Twas about the tamest thing you ever sot eyes on. Father says it looks jest like our dog arter he's gin him a lickin for killin sheep.

Cum to read over the returns as they calls em, we couldn't make head or tail of the matter. We found three kandydates for governor. Fust there's our man mister Dana, who deacon wiggin says is an all-killing good Dimcrat—then the federal man, mister what do you call him, down there in old Kinnybunk. Wal, these is all regular—but there's a third man a mister Seat who father says lives somers down East, an has ollers bin run ever since he was big enough to vote, though he ony got a hundred votes or so till within a year or two, he's gained proper fast. But this year, O dear! he's come it dreadful thick. He's disjinted the party—an, as the argus obsarves, kivered the glory of the Star in the East!

We feel proper bad i tell you, but as the argus said how the returns yet to come might olter the bisness, the selickmen sent over to the meetin'us an got the ballot box—we hardly ever counts up under two or three days—an went at the countin full chisel. Young Eph Libby was sent for an mounted on Ben Drake's pacin mare, redy to start for portland when they got through. The little scamp kept whippin the old mare and she'd kick an rare and stomp about like a two year old, an as we was all crowded all round the door, a good many got their toes pretty well smashed, an Aunt Judy was throwd clear down an stomped on!

Arter about an hour the chairman of the Selickmen cum to the door, with his eyes stickin right out of his head an pail as a ghost. He held a piece of paper in his hand an he shook and trembled like a winnering-mill.—"Feller citizens" says he, "there's bin some dredful mistake here. If we've counted right the vote of Hornby stands thus:

Dimercratick	13
Federal	2
Seat.	22

Last year it stood:

Dimercratick	35
Federal	1
Seat.	1

"Now" said he, "this here'l never do to send to Portland or any where else, an as there must be some mistake, we've konkluded not to send in no result at all in Hornby for A. D. 1846. So Ephe you may as well take the mare hum." But Ephe swore he'd not be served so, he'd have a ride any how, and off he started like lickerty-switch. He'd got a spur on an the old mare didn't like it at all, so arter he'd gouged her once or twice, she took the bitts atween her teeth, whirled round, an run back towards the stable as hard as she could go. Eph pulled an hollered whoa, but she ony run the faster. At last jest as he was orf agin the shed by the tavern, Ephe seized one rein with both hands and sot out to turn her into the shed, but he mist by about six foot, an drove the old critter clean through docter Peter's potterkerry shop winder, breakin ever so many bottles an cuttin orf better than half Ephe's nose.

The selickmen talked together a minit, an then one on em said the *regular* dimercrats would hold a korkus in the school house that evening.

Wal, when the time cum we counted noses an mustered only thirteen! i've bin to a good many metins, perlitical, civil and religious, but never seed any thing so sad and sollemcholly as that ere was. We couldn't get up a speech nor nothin, but there we sot an sot lookin at one nother an feelin like pisen.

Job Peters rit some resolootions an read the fust one—this was it:—

Resolved that if John P. Hale had kept at home where he belongs, we should done well enuff—an if he cums here agin we'll tar an fether him.

But jest as we was goin to pass it, in rushed them twenty-two as voted for mister Seat and voted it down, an then passed a hull string of resolutions, all on em goin agin the *regular* democrisy, an praisin Hale and no-thern rites like everything.

i'm so stir'd up an riled that i can't rite any more, but this i will say—*darn Hale, an darn the niggers!* an I'd jest as lives you'd print it an say I said so as not. Ethan Spike.

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